Engineer's Script

THE GHOST OF BENJAMIN SWEET

Play theme. Fade Aud 3 1/2

VOICE (Dead Booth) Bolt the doors. Fasten the windows. Turn out the lights. Sit down quietly in the dark. (long pause) And meet the ghost of Benjamin Sweet. Mike 3. Play Prelude in E Flat aud. 4

ORCHESTRA Weird sequence ending in chime sounding twelve.

SOUND Wind.

VOICE It is midnight of All Hallow's Eve, in the dark of the moon. Cold, stabbing stars sprinkle chill whispers of light across the silent graveyard near the edge of town. Around the graveyard is a high, sharp, spiked fence. On the top of the fence sits the tired ghost of Mr. Benjamin Sweet.

Wind

ORCHESTRA Up for wind music.

up - fade

SWEET It's a thankless job....(sighing deeply) A thankless job. No rest,...no relaxation,...(A show of rebellion) I'm tired of it, I am! It's haunt here, haunt there, chase around on silly errands night after night. And Halloween's worst of all. ...Overtime....Meet your quota... End of the year....(Abruptly) I wish I had a pipeful of good tobacco. (With pathos) I wish I had a pipeful of any kind of tobacco!

SOUND An owl hoots.

SWEET (annoyed) Don't hoot at me, you brainless bag of feathers! (Long pause, then angrily) Any minute now they'll be after me-- the whole bony, chain-rattling crew of them. "Brother!" they'll say, "Down off that fence and get to work! Moan and groan and rattle your chains." (Mocking his own voice) Moan and groan and rattle your chains.

SOUND Clanking of chains. A gust of wind ushers in. up - fade

DISMAL GHOST (A very sour individual) Brother, get to work!

SWEET (Startled) Don't sneak up behind me like that! I never have gotten used to it.

DISMAL GHOST Move over. There's room for both of us on that fence.

SWEET What's the matter with you? Fed up, too?

DISMAL Fed up? Why the night's just beginning. I feel fine.

SWEET (Disgust) Oh, nuts.

SOUND (Owl hoots)

DISMAL (Approvingly) That's a very fine-sounding owl.

SWEET All owls sound alike.

DISMAL	What are your plans for tonight, brother, if I may ask?
SWEET	Oh, I've got a terrible night ahead of me. That's another thing that makes me mad. When there's a dirty job that nobody else wants, what do they do? "Just give it to Sweet," they say, "He doesn't matter." I've a good mind not to do this job at all.
DISMAL	Brother, do you want a word of warning?
SWEET	No!
DISMAL	I'll give it to you anyway.
SWEET	(Absently) I wish I had my old briar pipe.
DISMAL	(Severely) Ghost of Benjamin Sweet,...you're slipping. Slipping fast.
SWEET	(Petulantly) I don't care if I am! I'm tired of being a ghost. I haven't had a vacation since I died. And look at the job they give me tonight! "Go and scare Theobald Tubbs," they say. ~~you~~ Do you know who Theobald Tubbs is, brother?
DISMAL	Everyone knows Theobald Tubbs.
SWEET	Why, he's the worst old fogey in this country. Nothing in the earth, the air, or the water can scare him. It's been tried before by experts.
DISMAL	Well, all I know is they've got their eye on you at Headquarters.
SWEET	Oh, they have, have they?
DISMAL	Yes,...and I was sent to warn you. They don't like your attitude. You aren't making your quota this year. They say you don't haunt worth a nickel any more.
SWEET	(Beligerently) And what can those transparent nobodies do to me if I don't?
DISMAL	Don't forget you're a transparent nobody yourself. [And there's always a cupboard.
SWEET	Cupboard?...What cupboard?
DISMAL	Did you never hear of the skeleton in the cupboard? Every family must have one, and with a click of their bony fingers the Powers That Be can switch you into a skeleton and stuff you into somebody's cupboard. How would you like that?
SOUND	Someone whistling is heard approaching from a distance. Footsteps on gravel.
SWEET	Poof! That's just talk. (With less bravado) Headquarters, hm?]
DISMAL	(Stage whisper) Somebody's coming up the road.
SWEET	(Easily) Let them go by this time.

DISMAL (Severely) Never! There's a penalty for that. Amendment 13, Section 13: No human may be permitted to pass a graveyard unmolested on Halloween night.

SWEET Al right,...all right. Get it over with, then. I feel like a fool every time I do this.

DISMAL He's getting close. Now he's looking over his shoulder. (Whistling by this time has grown loud) Ready, brother!

SOUND Loud clanking of chains. The two ghosts set up a hullabaloo. Soul-shattering moans. The owl hoots. Whistling stops abruptly. A negro's voice yells, "Oh, Lawdy, oh, Lawdy!" and footsteps run rapidly off.

SWEET (Without any great satisfaction) Well, that's that!

DISMAL (Enthusiastically) And itwas a good job, too. Did you see him take to his heels? A good beginning. Now what next?

SWEET I suppose I'd better be getting on to Theobald Tubbs.

DISMAL Do you want some company, brother?

SWEET Not you,...sour face.

DISMAL (Injured) No need for you to take offence, brother Sweet. I was warning you for your own good--just wanted to help you.

SWEET When the ghost of Benjamin Sweet needs help, he'll ask for it.

DISMAL (Calling) Wait a minute. Do you want me to take that back as a message from you to Headquarters?

SWEET (A little off mike) You can tell Headquarters for me that I don't like their attitude. I'm fed up. And the way I feel right now... anything might happen tonight!

fade out

up with Hall of Mt. K. fade $1\frac{1}{2}$

ORCHESTRA Swells for bridge.

SOUND Wind fades. Door slams.

TUBBS (On filter until otherwise indicated) My good woman, must you slam doors? I'm concentrating on a speech for the National, mind you, Association of Curtain Rod Manufacturers.

MRS. TUBBS (Same) If you were concentrating, Theobald Tubbs, you wouldn't hear a door slam. And anyway, I didn't slam the door. There must be a draught in here. That doorknob blew right out of my hand.

TUBBS What was the matter in the kitchen?

MRS. TUBBS Sam though he saw a ghost coming down the road by the cemetery. I told him not to be silly.

TUBBS (Thunderously) That's the trouble with people nowadays. They believe anything they hear. They have no minds of their own. (In his soapbox manner) Nobody looks for facts. Give me the facts, and I can prove...

MRS. TUBBS You don't need to make a speech to me about it.

TUBBS	Oh, yes, the speech. Would you like to hear what I've written so far?
MRS. TUBBS	(Sarcastically) No, thank you, Theobald. It'll be just like all the others.
TUBBS	The trouble with you, Matilda, is that you have no imagination.
MRS. TUBBS	How did this get in here?
TUBBS	What?
MRS. TUBBS	This box with my name on it from the dressmaker's--oh, yes, Sam was to bring it home with him tonight. (Strangely) How did it get in here?
TUBBS	Don't ask me. I've been concentrating on my speech. Somebody must have brought it in, that's all.
MRS. TUBBS	This box wasn't here when I left five minutes ago. Sam couldn't have brought it. The cook couldn't have brought it--how did it get in here?
TUBBS	(Angerily) I don't know. Quit bothering me. Where's my pipe?
MRS. TUBBS	I hope you've lost the smelly thing.
TUBBS	(Extremely annoyed) I was smoking it a minute ago. I laid it right here at my elbow. It's a fine thing when a man can't lay down a pipe...
MRS. TUBBS	(Scared, in a weak voice) Theobald! Look!
TUBBS	Look? What? Where?
MRS. TUBBS	Beside you,...up,...higher.
TUBBS	Say,...what is this?
MRS. TUBBS	Your pipe...(Weakly) hanging in the air!
TUBBS	I'll be hornswoggled...It's smoking by itself.
MRS. TUBBS	(Screams)
SOUND	A chair pushed back. A door opened and shut with a bang.
SWEET	(Calmly) Well, that's a good riddance. Your wife, Mr. Tubbs, is as sour as your pipe.
TUBBS	(Trying to put on a good bluff) What's going on here? Where are you? Who in thunder...
SWEET	I'm the ghost of Benjamin Sweet...Benjamin C. Sweet,...and I'm right here beside you, Mr. Tubbs. Don't you ever clean this pipe, man? It's sour....Ugh!
TUBBS	You're...what?

SWEET (Patiently) I'm the ghost of a man named Benjamin Sweet. A spirit .....a spook, Mr. Tubbs.

TUBBS (Uneasily) Ghost? Stuff and nonsense!

SWEET (A little injured) I guess I know who I am. And there's very little stuff and practically no nonsense about me.

TUBBS (Gulping) Whoever--whatever you are, get out of here.

SWEET (Sighing) They were right about you.

TUBBS Who was right about me? See here....

SWEET They all said you couldn't be scared, Mr. Tubbs. We....spooks sometimes talk these things over together.

TUBBS See here,...you Voice,...you Fake,...go away. (Nervously) Go away!

SWEET I'll have you know I'm not a fake. And you can have your sour pipe.

SOUND Click of an electric light switch.

TUBBS Hey! Turn those lights on again. What are you?

SWEET Now, can you see me, Mr. Tubbs? I don't show up in a bright light. (Pause) Can you see me, Mr. Tubbs?

TUBBS (Strangely) Yes. I can see you. I can see...right through you.

SWEET That's the way we are. (Sadly) The way we are. You can read a newspaper through us,...right through us.

TUBBS What...do...you...want with me? (With more bravado than before) See here, you can't scare Theobald Tubbs with tricks like this.

SWEET It's no trick....anybody can be a ghost. All you do is...just die.

TUBBS Are you...dead?

SWEET (Impatiently) Of course I am. I'm a ghost, I tell you.

TUBBS (A little frantically) I don't believe in ghosts! I'm a sane man--a reasonable man. I don't believe in ghosts.!

SWEET (Mildly) Then how do you account for me?

TUBBS (More frantically) I don't have to account for you. Go away from here. Get out. Get out or I'll put you out!

SWEET You can't get rid of me, Mr. Tubbs. I was told to haunt you tonight, and if I don't, I'm going to get in trouble.

TUBBS For the last time, are you going to get out of my house?

SWEET Nope....I've just got an idea...about you...and I want time to think it over.

SOUND Heavy drawer jerked open.

TUBBS Look here! You ~~you~~ see this?

SWEET Say!...(With interest) I haven't seen a gun like that for a long time. I used to have a little thirty-two myself. A beauty it was.

TUBBS (Shouting) Keep away from this gun. (Warningly) This is your last chance...I'm warning you.....Are you going to get out of here?

SWEET (Suddenly understanding and amused) Oh, I see...You're going to shoot me!

TUBBS I'll give you till I count five...One, two...

SWEET (Delighted) Say, this is something out of the ordinary.

TUBBS Three, four...(Pause)

SWEET Well? Five?

TUBBS Did you hear me?

SWEET (Chuckling) Haven't heard you say "five" yet.

TUBBS A man has the legal right to shoot anybody who forces entry into his house.

SWEET Yes, indeed. Your'e perfectly right. You can't be too careful these days.

TUBBS Five!

SWEET Well?

SOUND Revolver shot. Glass breaks as if shattered by the bullet.

SWEET Now, that's a shame. Right into that mirror.

TUBBS (Awed) It didn't hurt you?

SWEET No, I think it went through my head...or maybe it was my shoulder. No, it was my head, all right. But you certainly ruined that mirror.

MRS. TUBBS (Screaming, off, mike, behind a door) Theobald! Theobald!

SWEET I think I'll just lock that door. I don't like your wife, Mr. Tubbs.

SOUND A key clicks in a lock. Rattling doorknob and pounding on door.

MRS. TUBBS Theobald! Let me in!

TUBBS (Calling with effort) There's nothing wrong, Matilda. My...gun... just went off.

MRS. TUBBS I heard glass. What broke? (Pause) Was that (Ominously) my good mirror? (Pause

MRS. TUBBS (Loudly, still off mike) Theobald!...Was that my good mirror?

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TUBBS (Whispering angrily) There'll be the deuce to pay when she finds out.

SWEET I'll fix her up for a while. (In his most spectral tones) Matilda Tubbs! Matilda Tubbs! Do you hear me?

Up with Idall of Mt. King

MRS. TUBBS (Scared) What is that? ~~Use death up~~

SWEET (Still in a chilling voice) Your time is coming, Matilda Tubbs! (Laughs)

fade

Chains

MRS. TUBBS (Retreats, screaming)

SWEET There! She's gone.

TUBBS (Admiringly) Say, you aren't a bad sort, there...er--Mr.....er...

SWEET Sweet is the name. Benjamin C. Sweet

TUBBS I think I was.. maybe a little hasty, Mr. Sweet.

SWEET Oh, don't mention it. A natural mistake, Mr. Tubbs. You know, Mr. Tubbs, I admire you. I can't tell you how much I admire a man like you. ~~Music fade out~~

TUBBS (Beginning to expand) Well!

SWEET You have gumption,...spirit,...fight. You'd make a good ghost yourself.

TUBBS Well, I daresay I can handle most situations.

SWEET (Going on) Yes, Mr. Tubbs...

TUBBS Call me Tubbs, Just plain Tubbs.

SWEET Yes, well, Tubbs, if you were a ghost, you'd go out and really do things. What I mean is...well, say if you didn't like the way things were run, you'd run them to suit yourself and to Heaven with Headquarters.

TUBBS Theobald Tubbs is his own boss--dead or alive!

SWEET (Thoughtfully) Yes, I believe you and I would see ~~eye~~ to eye.

TUBBS (Expanding still more) Let me tell you, Sweet, nobody ever put anything over on Theobald Tubbs.

SWEET (Warmingly) No, I knew that the minute I met you. By the way, when that screeching wife you have quiets down she might want whatever's in that package I brought along with me. Something I picked up on the road. Knew I was coming here. Had her name on it.

TUBBS (Still expanding) No, sir, nobody ever put over any fast deals on Theobald Tubbs. I tell them, "Give me the facts. Give me the facts and let the conclusions take care of themselves." Yes, yes, the package. Thanks.

SWEET (Still warmly) I'd put my trust in you any day, Tubbs. In fact, I'd like to be associated with a man like you. (Casually) Say suppose you let me have a look at that revolver.

TUBBS What?...Oh, yes, sure....(Resuming pompously) I'm a business man, Sweet. And I might say, a successful one, in my line. It takes gumption.....it means getting there ahead of the next man...It means....

SWEET (Interrupting casually) Did you ever think of dying, Tubbs?

TUBBS Dying? Nonsense. Why, my calendar is always filled up for six months ahead!

SWEET There isn't much to it...and it has great possibilities for a man of your caliber.

TUBBS (Blandly) Well, it's something I'll take care of...when the time comes.

SWEET Of course, of course....

TUBBS Now, I make a lot of speeches one place and another. I am, I might say, in demand as a speaker. I'm working right now on a speech for the National Association of Curtain Rod Manufacturers next week--er...would you like to hear as much as I've written?

SWEET (Hastily) I tell you, Tubbs, I've some business to transact tonight....

TUBBS Oh, it'll take no time at all. (Rustling papers, clearing his throat pompously) This is good advice...even for a man in your...er... position. By the way, sit down. That's a comfortable chair there. Since you're here...

SWEET All right...but I don't think I'll be here much longer. This gun of yours--don't suppose you happen to have another cartridge handy? I'll load it up for you...having nothing...else to do. While I'm listening to your speech, that is.

TUBBS What? Oh, yes, to be sure. (~~Fumbling in drawer~~) Here.

SWEET Thanks

TUBBS Now, the subject of this talk is "Quick Action for Quick Results."

SWEET (Enthusiastically) Good idea!

TUBBS I might explain, Sweet, that "Quick Action" is my motto in life. I believe too many people stop to think.

SWEET I believe you're right there.

TUBBS Well...."Gentlemen and members of the curtain rod profession: It is a privilege to address you this evening...."

SWEET Pardon me, but would you mind sitting over a little to the right.... so I can...hear you better.

TUBBS Certainly.

SWEET That's better. Thanks

TUBBS "....to address you this evening. We're all working toward the same goal..."

SWEET (Aside) That's another way of putting it.

TUBBS "....we all want a change for the better..."

SWEET Right.

TUBBS "....we all want to know what the future holds for us..."

SWEET (Getting excited) There's a sure way of finding out.

TUBBS "...we're all going places together..."

SWEET Tubbs, you're right. You and I are going places together right now!

SOUND A revolver shot. Long pause. Music up

Music ~~[illegible]~~ Ase's Death

TUBBS (Coming from filter to straight mike) Why, Sweet, you've shot.... you've killed me.

SWEET (Calmly) Yes. I meant to.

TUBBS Why....(Pause, then a burst of laughter)....why, man, you've put something over on Theobald Tubbs. (Great roar of laughter) Why, I'm a ghost myself now.

SWEET (Beginning to laugh, now that things are going all right) And you didn't believe in ghosts!

TUBBS No. Funny isn't it? (Trying to control his mirth) What do we do next?

SWEET (Enthusiastically) Whatever we want. Come on!

(They both howl with laughter) Hall of Mountain King up (crescendo)

ORCHESTRA Ghostly music up and over. Hold music ten seconds, then fade into street noises. Traffic Record up Out

SOUND The usual Halloween street revelry: bells, whistles, shouts, clickers, and occasional snatches of band music. Create the impression that the two ghosts are strolling along through the crowded streets. Fade down street effects, but hold underneath. [illegible]

SWEET (Happily) Lots of people out tonight, eh, Tubbs?

TUBBS (With great geniality) Halloween's a big night for this town, I guess. Never had time to think much about it before. Lots of parties, too, I suppose.

SWEET (Wistfully) I'd kind of like to go to a party tonight. What d'you say we do?

TUBBS All right with me. Say, I feel light as a feather.

SWEET	(Chuckling) You'll get used to that after while.
TUBBS	Are you sure nobody can see us?
SWEET	Not a chance. Too many street lights. You can only see ghosts in the dark.
TUBBS	Strange business. Well. (Dismissing the thought airily).....this is a fine little town we have here. One of the best street-lighting systems in the state. (Falling into his pompous, soapbox manner) A town needs push...spirit...go-aheadedness...Give a town those...
SWEET	(Firmly) Hey, wait a minute, brother Tubbs. You don't have to make speeches any more. Besides, I don't want to hear 'em.
TUBBS	(Suddenly quashed) No more speeches?
SWEET	(With an air of settling the matter once for all) No more speeches.
TUBBS	I used to get a lot of pleasure out of my speeches. Wonder if I'll miss them much.
SWEET	You're going to hear plenty of them after while...when Headquarters starts checking up on the two of us. They're great on speech making.
TUBBS	(Enthusiastically) Say, Sweet, I won't have to take my pills tonight. And say! My diet! I can give it up!
SWEET	(Relieved) I was just a little afraid you'd...hold it against me. My shooting you like that.
TUBBS	(Warmly) Now, don't let that worry you, Sweet. I never felt so good in my life!
SWEET	(Poking fun to cover his relief) I must say, for a spook with a bay window like yours, you're stepping along pretty lively there.
TUBBS	(Entering into the spirit of the thing) Careful, brother! First you shoot me. Then you insult me. Maybe we'll have to have one of those duels they have in Europe.
SWEET	Good idea! (Cheerfully) Only trouble is...we've already shot each other once tonight.
	(They both laugh heartilly)
TUBBS	Sweet, you're a good guy.
SWEET	(Embarrassed) Oh, well, I'm just an old fellow. Don't have any business running around playing the fool. But, tarnation, I've been leading a dull life for a long time.
TUBBS	We'll keep things stirred up together now.
SWEET	Yes, you're the kind of fellow I always wanted to be. Smarter than the next one...not scared of anything...
TUBBS	(Embarrassed) Aw, forget all that. Where's this party we're going to?
SOUND	Loud blast of tin horns. Laughter and talk off mike.

SWEET	(Whisper) Let's try this house on the corner. ~~Street Noiseout~~
TUBBS	Say, I never did like the woman who lives here. Maybe....
SWEET	Then I'll tell you what we'll do.....(Fade out)
SOUND	Fade out street noises. Fade out street & into ~~Stumbling~~
ORCHESTRA	Swells up for bridge and joins.
	Popular ~~song~~ Frankie ~~Carmen Cavallaro~~ Carle ~~ups and out~~ Stumbling
SOUND	Party noises. Fade in Mrs. Hightreble's laughter. All humans on filter.
MRS. HIGHTR.	(A "dowagerish" voice; very coyly silly, much pointless giggling) Now, I throw the apple peel over my left shoulder...no, my right shoulder. There!
THE COUNT	(A very affected English accent) Oh, I say, Mrs. Hightreble. It looks like a "C".
MRS. HIGHTR.	Oh let's look. I believe it is a "C". My next husband's first initial will be "C"! Who...no, it isn't "C" after all.
COUNT	I swear it isn't. It's changing. The wind must be blowing.
MRS. HIGHTR.	It's an "F". My next husband's first initial will be "F".
2nd WOMAN	(Nasty spinsterish voice) Throw another peel, Mrs. Hightreble. Better get his full name so you don't make any more mistakes.
MRS. HIGHTR.	(Coolly) Indeed? Where did I put my paring knife? Oh, yes, thank you, Count. Now...over my left shoulder. There!
CHORUS	"O".
MRS. HIGHTR.	(Gaily) "F"...."O". Another one...there.
CHORUS	Another "O".
COUNT	"F"..."O"..."O". Strange initials, what?
2nd WOMAN	You must throw one more, Mrs. Hightreble. I think it's going to be his full name.
MRS. HIGHTR.	Oh, no, let's not play this game any more. Won't you all have some more cider?
COUNT	Now, Mrs. Hightrebel....for me...one more apple peeling. Here, ...I've cut it for you.
MRS. HIGHTR.	(Crossly) All right...There.
CHORUS	"L". (Laughter)
COUNT	"F...O...O...L." Why...(The idea gets across) why, it spells "fool,", Mrs. Hightreble. Queer, eh, what?

MRS. HIGHTR. Very stupid game. It doesn't mean anything at all, Count. Where is my cider? Somebody has been drinking it out of my glass!

COUNT Here's your glass. I filled it up for you just a moment ago. Why, it's empty. That's extraordinary.

MRS. HIGHTR. I'll have to have another one, then. Oh, thank you so much. (Pause) Now, shall we tell ghost stories?

SOUND Somebody runs a finger up the piano keys. Little squeaks of suprise from the women.

COUNT What an unearthly noise! I say, somebody's playing tricks. There's nobody near the piano at all.

MRS. HIGHTR. Maybe it's a spook, Count (Laughing gaily) Bother! Something's happened to my glass of cider again. Did you fill it, Count?

COUNT (Gallantly) I'll replensih it for you, Mrs. Hightreble. A pleasure.

A MAN Let's have a ghost story. Danse Macabre softly

MRS. HIGHTR. Yes,...and I'll tell it. I know a perfectly blood-curdling one.

(Voices urge her to tell it.)

MRS. HIGHTR. Well,....there was once a captain on a ship who murdered one of his sailors and......

SWEET (Earnestly) It was the sailor who murdered the captain. Tell it right or don't tell it at all.

MRS. HIGHTR. Who was that? Now, I'll tell this story the way I know it...Oh, I guess it was the sailor who murdered the captain--gracious! My cider! It's gone again.

COUNT Allow me, Mrs. Hightreble. (Making a joke) I say, I believe you're somewhat of a cider drinker.

MRS. HIGHTR. Well, the sailor wrapped the captain up in a quilt and.....

SWEET (Impatiently) In a tarpaulin, not a quilt!

MRS. HIGHTR. (Firmly) In a quilt, and dropped him overboard on a dark night.

SWEET There was a full moon that night!

MRS. HIGHTR. Somebody's being very impolite. But I guess there was a moon that night. Well, the sailor went to his bedroom.....

SWEET His bunk in the fo'c's'l.

MRS. HIGHTR. (Getting rattled) But he couldn't sleep. He pitched and tossed.

SWEET (Patiently) It was the boat that pitched and tossed, for there wasn't any captain to steer it.

MRS. HIGHTR. Who's interrupting me? (Upset) Where's my cider?

COUNT	I say, Mrs. Hightreble. Perhaps you've had just a drop too much.
MRS. HIGHTR.	Too much! I haven't had a bit!
COUNT	That's a strange circumstance. There isn't any cider left in the bowl at all.
MRS. HIGHTR.	Let me finish my story!
SWEET	I'll finish it. Then suddenly all the lights in the boat went out.
SOUND	An electric switch clicks. Screams: "Who turned out that light? Put it On!"
	Danse Macabre out
SWEET	And a wind swept across the deck.
~~SOUND~~ Wind Record	Wind. Glass breaking. Furniture upset. Confusion.
SWEET	And the captain and his mate sailed through the air, singing. (He and Tubbs sing lustily but not tunefully a few bars of "Sailing, Sailing, over the Bounding Main."
SOUND	More confusion. Someone yells, "Look over there by the door. There are two of them." Door slams.
	Danse Macabre up ~~and into [illegible]~~
ORCHESTRA	Up for ten seconds. Fade into Sweet and Tubbs still singing their song. They have both had a considerable quantity of cider.
	and out
TUBBS	(Breathing heavily) Say, that's more exercise than I've had in forty years.
SWEET	How do you feel now, brother? Good?
TUBBS	I feel marvelous. But can't we sit down somewhere and have a little rest? Where are we?
SWEET	(Singing a few bars) Good idea I had--going to that party.
TUBBS	Say, where are we?
SWEET	This is my favorite graveyard.
TUBBS	Pleasant spot you pick out!
SWEET	Come on... Sit down on the fence. One of the best fences in this country.
TUBBS	It's got spikes on it.
SWEET	You won't notice them now... Try it.
TUBBS	(Grunting) Umph...Yes, quite comfortable, quite comfortable.
SOUND	Owl hoots.
TUBBS	What's that?
SWEET	That's a beautiful little owl. She lives here all the year round.

TUBBS Say, it's been a good evening, Sweet. You sure are a grand guy. This is the life!

SWEET (Suddenly) Tubbs, I just remembered something.

TUBBS What?

SWEET (Sadly) Tubbs, they're going to shut me up in a cupboard.

TUBBS (Sharply) Who is?

SWEET Headquarters. They've got their eye on me. Tonight's the end of our ghostal year, Tubbs. And I haven't been working hard enough. They're going to check up on me. They sent a long-faced fellow around to warn me a little while ago.

TUBBS (Firmly) Lister here, Sweet. You're a friend of mine. And no friend of Theobald Tubbs ever got into trouble he couldn't get out of.

SWEET Oh, it's a thankless job, brother. A thankless job. It wouldn't be bad...being a ghost...if they didn't check up on you so close. They aren't going to like what I did at your house tonight.

TUBBS If it's all right with me, it ought to be all right with them. Who runs this outfit anyhow?

SWEET There's a Board of Management. You got to follow orders.

TUBBS Brother, you've got nothing to worry about when Theobald Tubbs is on your side!

SWEET (Mournfully) Why, they won't even let you sit down and rest a minute. Soon as you do, somebody'd be around.

SOUND Wind up A gust of wind ushers in the Dismal Ghost again. Same as in opening scene.

DISMAL GHOST Brothers, get to work!

SWEET What'd I tell you?

DISMAL Oh, ho! So it's you again, brother Sweet! Oh, ho! (Direly) Oh, ho!

SWEET (Aside to Tubbs) This is the one I was telling you about.

TUBBS Melancholy cuss, isn't he?

DISMAL Brother, you're in trouble now. You're in bad trouble.

SWEET (Snappishly) All right, but it's nothing for you to croak about!

DISMAL I warned you. They sent me to warn you, and I did!

TUBBS Say, how about your scuttling along? We don't like your company.

DISMAL Oh, ho! I know who you are, too! You're the new ghost of Theobald Tubbs.

SWEET (Sighing) I suppose the word's got around by now.

DISMAL	The word's got around to Headquarters, all right. And you're going to have plenty of company here in a minute. They're on their way.
SWEET	(Pathetically) I suppose they're...pretty....mad?
TUBBS	Here, here, Sweet. Where's your spirit? Buck up!
SWEET	Oh, you don't know these guys.
SOUND	In the distance a great rhythmic clanking of chains and a chorus chanting in march time, "Benjamin Sweet....Benjamin Sweet." They chant monotonously over and over as the chorus grows louder and nearer. Wind out
TUBBS	Say, what is this...?
DISMAL	(Sharply) Silence, brother Tubbs! The Board of Management approaches!
SWEET	(Stage whisper) That's Headquarters.
SOUND	Chorus still chanting and clanking. Louder. The wind howls. Owl hoots. Chorus on mike.
CHAIRMAN	(A fussy, nasal-voiced old man) Halt!
SOUND	Marching and chanting stops abruptly.
CHAIRMAN	(Triumphantly) I see the ghost of Benjamin Sweet. He sits on the fence by yonder tombstone.
SOUND	Murmer of voices: "Ther's the culprit." "He'll pay for this." "Get him." "Get Sweet...Get Sweet...Get Sweet."
CSARIMAN	Silence! Ghost of Benjamin Sweet, stand up! (Pause) There are two of you. Who's the other one?
TUBBS	I used to be Theobald Tubbs. (Warming up for a speech) And before you begin on my friend here, I'd like to say a few words.....
SOUND	Murmer of ghostly voices: "That's Tubbs." "There he is."
CHAIRMAN	(Shouting) Silence! (You can almost see him adjusting his spectacles) Shade! We know who you are. Your case will be takne up in its proper order. In the meanwhile, may I give you a friendly word of warning? You've fallen into the hands of one of the macabre members of our company.
TUBBS	Now, see here....
CHAIRMAN	Ghost of Theobald Tubbs, Sit down!
TUBBS	(Aside to Sweet) What's the law on this, Sweet?
SWEET	(Aside) When Headquarters says, "Sit down," they expect you to sit down!
TUBBS	Mister Chairman. I'm a newcomer here. I've been a practicing attorney in my time, but I don't know your code. May I have a look at your law?

CHAIRMAN	Clerk, hand the ghost of Theobald Tubbs the law. He can sit on the fence and read it while we proceed.
TUBBS	Now we're beginning to get somewhere.
CLERK	Here you are, brother. The law! Don't drop it.
SOUND	Rustle of paper.
TUBBS	Cheer up, brother Sweet. It there's a way out of this, depend on Theobald Tubbs to find it.
CHAIRMAN	Now, brother Sweet. We have just finished adding up your account for the year. (Direly) It doesn't look good.
SWEET	I know all about that. Go ahead....(Irritably) What's the verdict.
TUBBS	(Off mike, loud stage whisper) Pssst! Stall for time, Sweet. These pages are mixed up.
CHAIRMAN	Listen to your report for the year, Benjamin Sweet. (Pompously) Total number of errands sent on?
CLERK	Three hundred sixty-five.
CHAIRMAN	Total number of successful finishes?
CLERK	(His reply always sounds ominous) Two hundred fifty.
CHAIRMAN	Total number of opportunities to transact disreputable business?
CLERK	One thousand five hundred eighty-three.
CHAIRMAN	Total number of opportunities let slip?
CLERK	One thousand.
CHAIRMAN	Total number of people scared?
CLERK	Sixty-four.
CHAIRMAN	And what is his quota?
CLERK	Four hundred two.
CHAIRMAN	Total number of hours spent haunting?
CLERK	Thirty-six.
CHAIRMAN	And his quota?
CLERK	One hundred fifty.
CHAIRMAN	Most unsatisfactory. What have you to say for yourself, brother Sweet?
SWEET	(Exploding wrathfully) Nuts! That's what I say, Nuts!
SOUND	Loud murmer of shocked voices.

CHAIRMAN (Going on steadily) Shade, not only is your record for the year a blot on our fair name...but tonight...on Halloween...you were given one last chance. You were sent on an important mission. (Sternly) Your orders were to scare Theobald Tubbs--not to shoot him!

SOUND Ghostly voices murmer excitedly.

CHAIRMAN (Continuing) Brother Sweet, you overstepped your authority!

SWEET (Hopelessly) All right,...go on.

CHAIRMAN To make bad matters worse, you took the ghost of Theobald Tubbs on a round of frivolity. You neglected your duties. (very sternly) You drank cider!

SWEET (Flaring up a little) A ghost needs a little relaxation now and then. I haven't had a vacation since I died; I'm sick and tired of all this routine...it's a bore.

CHAIRMAN When a shade needs rest, the answer is simple. Every family needs a skeleton in its cupboard. The demand exceeds the supply. It will be very simple for us to make a skeleton out of you and lock you up for a century or two. Brother Sweet, the verdict in your case....

TUBBS (Shouting off mike and running up excitedly) Stop! Wait! Hold on a minute!

SOUND Murmer of surprised voices.

SWEET (Breathlessly) Have you found something in the law, Tubbs?

TUBBS (Commanding) Every ghost here will kindly turn toward and facing the East!

CHAIRMAN What's the matter? I'm about to pronounce a verdict.

TUBBS Look at the sky, Mister Chairman!

CHAIRMAN Why (With a start of alarm)...it's dawn! Why didn't somebody tell me?

CLERK You'll have to postpone the verdict until to night.

TUBBS You'll have to postpone the verdict ~~unti~~ forever, Mister Chairman!

CHAIRMAN AND SWEET: What!

SOUND Buzz of voices.

TUBBS I've just found a clause in the law. Ammendment 456, Section 89. The page was out of place in the book.

CHAIRMAN (Anxiously) Read it quickly. Daylight's coming. We can't stay here.

TUBBS (Reading) "Offenders against the law must be dealt with and verdict pronounced up to and including the end of the current year on Halloween night."

CHAIRMAN (Agitated) Well?

Danse Macabre

TUBBS That's an old law...ten centuries or so...but it's never been repealed. Therefore, you have no authority to pronounce a verdict on a crime committed last year. The new year began one minute ago!

SOUND Shouts: "Watch out!" "The sun's coming up!"

CHAIRMAN (Screaming) A curse on you, Theobald Tubbs!

SOUND More shouting and scattering of voices. "Run for it!"

CHAIRMAN Everybody run for it! The sun's coming up!"

SWEET (Shouting) Tübbs, I'm a free spirit! I knew you could do it!

TUBBS (Running) "Quick Action for Qucik Results," brother Sweet...that's me! There'll be (Fading) quite a few changes made after I've been here for a while...I can see where we can make a lot of improvements in the general management...Of course, that will mean a new board of directors and certain other replacements.....

ORCHESTRA Sneaks under above and up full to finish.

to finish